

**ARMY NEWS
FOR ARMY MEN
AND
THEIR HOME FOLKS**

No. 39.

TOOK A DESERTER

After Attempts by Others, Capt. Garrison Took Him.

**Maud Hilton Captured by Army
Captain and Sergt. Sipple.**

IT WAS HEROIC WORK
Result of Raid Deserted
Brought to Funston.

Capture Considered One of Nerviest in Army Annals.

That any attempt to evade the selective draft or to desert from the United States Army, is now considered was demonstrated a week ago by army officers in the capture of Maud Hilton, a deserter from the national army, who has held authorities of Barry county, Missouri, at bay for months. He was captured early Sunday morning by Capt. C. E. Garrison of Camp Funston in a spectacular dash into the heart of the Ozark mountain feud country, near Cassville, Mo.

Deserted From Field Artillery.
Hilton deserted from the 342 Field artillery several months ago. Retiring to his home in the Ozark hill area

him were made, and local authorities, who returned with the message that a battle to the death would be the result of any further attempt to invade the mountainous region. He and his supporters had to retreat.

Caused Much Unrest.

In the Ozark section, nearly every family has its representative in the service and much dissatisfaction was reported because of Hilton's apparent lack of successful draft. Several other deserters and draft resisters were following, example.

"Captain Garrison and Sgt. Earl Sipple were assigned to go to Barry county to see that the draft was made in Cassville some days ago, the responsibility of their visit was disguised and arrangements for the raid made."

Barry county was in a state of unrest because of the activities of Hilton and defia from the hills were rumored on every hand.

quoted as saying: "A threat that even if I was caught and his friends would never let him be taken from the hills was also heard and the force with him was variously estimated from three to half a dozen armed with rifles, shotguns and revolvers."

Left After Dark.

Leaving Caswellville after dark on any night, a party consisting of Captain and his wife, a deputy sheriff and a correspondent from the Union Pacific Press bureau, were on the road. The whole portion of the country, where the report was reported living with his father-in-law, George Woodhouse. Leaving the hills behind them, the party, at the ridge, the section was approached on foot. Wide detours were made to avoid cabins of possible friends who might stand against the party. The wires were cut to prevent warning reaching Hilton.

ing the house. "I was on Simla's morning man taking a fixed post to prevent any only a few," he said, "but the arrival of any enforcemen. I was not in the house anything but quick action would result in the threatened bloody class. I was only shoot if necessary, in full uniform and a clear mark in the bridge. I had a little time to get my gun and feet across the yard up to the door burst it open and called to Hilton to get out. I saw a woman and a child, and women and children of the two families downstairs. Hilton, Woodhouse, and I saw a dead man and a woman barricaded above. Woodhouse was the first to appear, dashing down the stairs armed with repeating shot gun.

Quick Work Wins.

"Some one is going to get killed," he remarked, "but I am a fully equipped and disarmed by Garrison. Hilton, out-gamed and with every weapon of self-defense, and I saw a dead man and a woman finally threw up his hands and came down the stairs.

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Hilton was brought to Camp Funnston Monday night by Captain Garrison and Sergeant Sipple, and was turned over to the military police to await his trial.

He was turned over to the local draft board of Cassville for action, and a general roundup of deserters, and draft resisters hiding in the hills is promised now that Hilton is out of the picture. Hilton will be taken to Jefferson Barracks.

NEWS FROM THE Q. M.

Have you heard Corporal Hurk "blowing" around lately? Most likely you have. He is now hustler, having been appointed as such to rouse the weary Q. M.'s from their flower sleep.

Sergeant Dale has been enforcing the anti-noise rule, or a few of the hob-nalled shoe straddlers, who come in after the lights are out. Wonder if he K. P'd the wrong fellow? See what has come of it, folks, a week after the wheat field in southeast Kansas so he says.